

THE BASKET.

Year III.—No. 10.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1890.

Whole No. 62.

BURDENS.

O, ask not thou, How shall I bear
The burden of to-morrow?
Sufficient for to-day, its care,
Its evil and its sorrow;
God imparteth by the way
Strength sufficient for the day.

ONLY A FEW YEARS.

SELECTED.

"Only a few years!" What trifling words, yet how solemn their import. Let us follow the course of some not from among the great of this world, and we shall see the great change the few years have wrought.

A few years ago, in an apartment tastefully furnished, sat a pale, delicate child of ten summers. Young, innocent, she had not yet learned the lessons so well taught, and often practiced—deceit, flattery, hatred.

"A few years"—and Mara stood by the dying bed of one, tenderly loved. She is no longer a child, and is already an adept in the art of self-control; for, although the beloved sufferer is about to enter the Great Unknown, no tear dims her eye; she firmly ludes her grief.

"A few years"—and in a large room might be seen many young faces busily bending over their different tasks—Georgia, Julia, Elenor, painting, writing, etc., whilst Mara, sitting alone, her hand resting on a winter scene, according well with her mourning dress; she is calm as before, though weary and sad.

"A few years"—and where are these? Some have entered the different walks of life; one cheered the declining days of her parents; Georgia and Julia rest from their labors. But Mara, once witty, fascinating, gifted with great talents, has roamed under the burning sky of Africa, through fair France, beautiful Italy, sacred Palestine; bowed at the shrine of an earthly idol; and, in the shipwreck of life, far from her native clime, laid her dead. Alone, lonely, unloved, those who see her cold and repellant, little dream her passionate nature craves for sympathy, affection, love; little dream the agony of "only a few years" makes her seem what she is not. In her loneliness, yearning for friendship—no sooner is it found, eagerly grasped, than a fatal power tears it rudely away, and the sorrowing woman cries, "O, my God, let me die!"

If this is the result of "only a few years" respecting private individuals, whose names do not rank among the famous ones of earth, what may it be in regard to rulers, statesmen, nations, literature, art, religion?

"Only a few years" ago, millions were wailing, helpless babes, and now they stand in the presence of God, where we, too, dear reader, must stand, in "only a few years." "Only a few years" hence, and we shall be laid low. The busy brain; the proud suffering heart; the weary, sickly frame—all these will be still, silent, forever. But the soul lives to rejoice that the gifts God gave were used to His glory, or to grieve forever and be mocked by the tempter, who receives his own into the abodes of misery and despair.

"Only a few years" may lead to success or failure; glory or shame; health or sickness; happiness or misery; heaven or hell. A thought to be pondered over.

We see it stated that the Young Men's "Christian" Association, at Milwaukee, Wis., have refused to let the Womens' Christian Temperance Union occupy the room of the former, giving as a reason that the latter are allied with the Prohibition party, and consequently a political organization. These women are in the way, doubtless, of doing good, but because they fail to work as prescribed by the gallant "Christian" young men, they are deprived of the use of their room. Fine on such illiberality, by young men, most or all of whom, no doubt, themselves belong to some political party.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

By Kate Field.

They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

A bundle of Old Letters lately came into our possession, and we learn from them, that there were bad and untrustworthy people half a century ago as well as now.

A certain firm had sold a stove to a man in 1836, and he delayed paying for it for between four and five years, and then sent word by the messenger who presented the bill again that he had paid it—to which the creditor responded that the bill had not been paid, or if it had been paid, it had been receipted for, "and sir," wrote the creditor, "if you can produce the receipt, or satisfy us in some way that you have paid it, we will forfeit five times the amount; . . . or, to satisfy you, either of us will swear on a stack of Bibles as high as the State House steeple that you never have liquidated that debt, and your forwarding us the amount by Capt. B., will, in all probability, save you some trouble and costs."

Another writes: "Our brother Bill has just got off of a two weeks Drunkin trolie, he was swaltering in his Bed dead drunk Boots and all on in less than two weeks after poor Haman died, and O it had hiked to drive mother crazy to think of every one about the house had to clear out at night and there he lay night after night Drunk so soon after she lay there a corpse." O, run!

Again: "I have a great deal to attend to more than I am willing to have much longer. For sum of my men has bin sick and sum drunk, and am satisfied that whe have lost on account of it."

One young girl of about 16, writes that the family has been broken up, and about to scatter, and she really don't know what she shall do, "unless she gets married."

We think, unless she got a better man than the above-named "Bill," she had far better remain as she was.

A minister going to visit one of his sick parishioners, asked him how he rested during the night. "O, wonderously ill, sir," he replied, "for mine eyes have not come together these three nights." "What is the reason of that?" asked the other. "Alas! sir," said he, "because my nose was betwixt them!"—[Exch.]

Nothing more clearly indicates the true gentleman than a desire evinced to oblige or accommodate.

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HADDONFIELD, N. J., MARCH 14, 1890.

Borough Commissioners meet in the Town Hall on the 1st Wednesday evening in each month. Visitors admitted.

The Womens' Christian Temperance Union of this town meets every Tuesday afternoon in Wilkins' Hall, at 3 o'clock.

Arrangements are being made for an Anniversary on the 24th inst.

We have had some very cold weather recently. On Thursday, March 6, there was a cold rain, followed by snow to the depth of about an inch, and then bright sunshine in the afternoon, followed, as reported, by the coldest night of the winter. The great blizzard here of two years ago, came on the 12th of March.

In a late No. of "Basket" we noticed the collapse of a Haddonfield newspaper called "Lightning," but that the publishers were acting honorably, and returning a portion of the money they had received from subscribers. We have since learned that, though this may have been done in some cases, it has not been so in all cases.

It may be prudent to keep clear of some other newspaper adventures and adventurers that might be named.

Rev. PHILLIP CLINE of the Methodist Episcopal Church, closed his labors, for the present, in Haddonfield last Sunday, preaching an excellent sermon in the morning, and in the evening spoke of his own labors, having preached the gospel in its purity, but never before had he such a two years' experience as here, as to results; commended the Choir and Young Peoples' Social; made some remarks about the officary not standing by and giving him their aid and countenance in his work, but that the church was in a better condition financially, and he benefited spiritually, than when he came to it.

The Conference met at Milville, on Wednesday last, and the new pastor may be present next Sunday a week.

An Election for Borough and Township officers took place here last Tuesday. Thire was but one ticket, except that Geo. T. Haines ran as an independent candidate for Assessor, and defeated his Collingswood opponent, Jos. Tatem, by a majority of 42. We not room in this No. of the Basket for a full report.

The West Jersey Presbytery met in Camden on the 4th inst., and, after discussion, a resolution was passed favoring revision by a vote of 32 to 16. Among those who voted for the resolution was Rev. Mr. Werner, of Haddonfield. One of the speakers is reported to have said that "God did not create man for the purpose of afterwards damning him." We think he is about right.

Abraham Lincoln, only son of Robert Lincoln, the American Minister to England, and grandson of our late President by that name, died in London, on the 5th inst., aged 17 years,—said to have been from blood-poisoning, caused by a carbuncle on his left side.

A Public School meeting will be held at the School House, Tuesday evening, March 18, to decide upon increasing the number of Trustees from 3 to 5; and also on various appropriations for different purposes, etc.

Has it just been discovered that two more trustees are needed? Isn't there a "nigger in that fence?" Are there not some persons itching for office, which they can't have unless places are *made* for them?

A handsome new Piano has just been obtained for the use of the School, and paid for by the School.

From "The Monitor," Woodstown, N. J., a good Temperance paper.

A Brewery at Valley Forge! Shades of Washington deliver us. A Philadelphia paper says:

"An odor of steaming hops and malt threatens to settle around the hallowed head-quarters of General Washington at Valley Forge; the ground once trod by the bleeding, hungry, and shoeless heroes of the Revolution is menaced with the desecration of brewery refuse."

"A New York brewing concern has recently made an offer for the property to the present owner, and although the bid is more than the figure for which it is offered for sale, it will not be accepted till it is for a purchase." [It will not be sold for that purpose by present owner, known what disposition is made of the bill before Congress, providing

Mr. Seaton, a visitor to the holy land, states that the Franciscan monks paid 50,000 pieces of gold 197 years ago to save the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem from desecration at the hands of the infidel Turks, and certainly the infidel Turk is no worse than the rum manufacturers, and Valley Forge is a sacred shrine in the American heart. May we trust Heaven that this spot at least may be spared the vandalism of the rum-makers' touch.

[Now, as many breweries are owned by syndicates composed partly or mostly by Englishmen, it would be a double disgrace to let these cherished grounds fall into the possession of the descendants of those who opposed our liberties, and on account of whom the patriots of Valley Forge fought, bled and suffered.]—Ed. Basket.

The Womens' Christian Temperance Union have become interested in the matter. If the Union takes hold of it in earnest, it will be saved from such desecration.

Chalkley Leconey, charged with the murder of his niece, after a three weeks' trial, has been declared by the jury, "Not Guilty." We don't see that the jury could have arrived at any other conclusion from the evidence produced at the trial. If we had been on the jury, we certainly should have acquiesced in that verdict, or a "case not proved." But —

Now that he has been cleared, it behooves him and his friends to leave no stone unturned to find the guilty party. Otherwise, there may be unpleasant suspicions.

It does look a little as if there might have been a conspiracy among the three or four colored men named, not to murder, but to obtain the money which some of them probably knew was kept in the house, and that Annie Leconey, in attempting to defeat them, was murdered in the scuffle. But one strange circumstance is, Why didn't the robbers take all the money in sight? Well, it may be that, if it was them, the fracas between them and Annie, and seeing what they had done, frightened them off, before securing all the treasure.

We see it stated that one Notary Public at Atlantic City has protested 150 of the notes given by the forger, Julia Culnan Lippincott. If this is true, she must have done a large business in a short time.

It is feared the late cold weather has seriously injured fruit buds.

A convention of Sunday School workers was held in the Methodist church at Collingswood on the 27th ult. H. Terry, Charleston.

We notice our friend, John Githens (the younger, we presume,) of Pleasantville, N. J., has been appointed Fish Warden.

John Jones, from Fort Wayne, we learn, has come to Haddonfield to superintend the Electric Lights. A defect in a boiler has caused some delay, but to-morrow (Saturday) evening, is fixed for them to shine.

We have the "Collingswood News," published by E. M. Moliniaux. If printed for pastime, well; if for profit, it will be more successful than the "Basket." We notice it contains a flashy whiskey advertisement, and therefore judge it will be no good to the temperance cause.

Also, the Magnolia News, published by E. J. Alf, at Camden.

WE HAVE THE AGENCY FOR
Heroes of the Dark Continent, \$3. to \$5., and for the Amer. Agriculturist, \$1. Also, Stanley's new Book.

DIED—Near Ashland, N. J., on the 8th of March, JOSEPH C. STAFFORD, in the 53d year of his age.